

I remember the first bond with my dad. We went to my dad's friends' house to go fishing with him. His name was Little Brian, we call him that because my dad has two friends named Brian. Anyways, we went to Tugboat Island to go fishing. I didn't know how to put ~~the~~ bait on the hook. So my dad had to help me. Then when our poles were ready, we casted them as far as they would go. A little while later, my line started tugging "daddy, I got one, I caught a fish!" I shouted with excitement. My dad handed Brian his pole, then quickly reeled my line in for me. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't do it. So my dad helped. We reeled it in together to find a Flounder trying to escape from the sharp hook that felt like 1,000 nails stabbing it. "Don't hurt it daddy," I exclaimed with a worried look on my face. My dad had no reply. He looked into my scared eyes, then let the fish go. That is the first bond I had with my dad.